

Good Morning 435

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

LIEUT.-CMDR. R. M. FAVELL, D.S.C., captain of His Majesty's Submarine "Trespasser," tells the story of the first patrol in London's evening newspapers.

Ten of the fifteen months "Trespasser" was on patrol were spent on patrols which in all totalled fifty thousand miles. The skipper goes on: "We were waiting for the Italian fleet to put in an appearance, but they wouldn't play, so we sank an anti-submarine schooner with gunfire to pass the time."

"We then torpedoed a tanker off Marseilles. E-boats and trawlers came after us, and dropped about 20 depth charges but we were not damaged."

"We were in the Mediterranean at the time of the Italian armistice and took turns at the periscope watching the Italians fighting the Germans on the Island of Rhodes."

After doing one patrol from Beirut in August, the "Tres-

passer" went out farther East, where she did four patrols, on two of which she sank a Japanese supply ship each of 3,000 tons. One of the merchant ships was escorted by two Japanese destroyers, which dropped more than 30 depth charges, but again the "Trespasser" escaped.

"The most anxious moments," said Lieut.-Commander Favell, "were when we got mixed up in a Japanese minefield and scraped a mooring wire."

"You have probably seen things like that in films, but this was the real thing, and it was not so much exciting as most unpleasant. But we managed to get away with it."

Besides Lieut.-Commander Favell, the D.S.C. was awarded to the Engineer Officer, Lieut. (E.) A. A. Summerhayes. Chief Engineer Officer J. Rowe received a Bar to his D.S.M., and the D.S.M. went to Chief Stoker W. J. Adams and Chief Petty Officer S. Short.

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Lieut.-Cdr. R. M. Favell, D.S.C., with officers on Bridge of H.M.S. Trespasser

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THE other merchant ship, torpedoed in the Malacca Straits, also of about 3,000 tons, was escorted by one destroyer, whose counter-attack was ineffective.

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139799; Able Seaman George Bird, C/JX.236852.

MENTION IN DESPATCHES.

Lieutenant John Oldham Coote, Royal Navy; Stoker Petty Officer Peter Sidney Scott, C/KX.84585; Able Seaman Thomas Charles Gerard O'Hara, P/JX.183348; Able Seaman Douglas Oldham, P/JX.261942; and Stoker First Class Donald Frederick Grout, C/SKX.1591.

In the same issue is included the following announcement:—

The King has been graciously pleased to give unrestricted permission for the wearing of the following decoration bestowed by the Queen of the Netherlands for services as liaison officer in one of H.N.M. Submarines during successful patrols:—

THE NETHERLANDS BRONZE CROSS.

Sub-Lieutenant Victor Paul Walker, R.N.V.R.

You, too, take a bow, please, Sub-Lieut. Walker.

MRS. GOYMER writes from 6, Southfield Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to thank us for your home news story that appeared some time ago in "Good Morning." George William Goymer.

Do you know this word— QWERTYUIOP★

"YOU must excuse mistakes, the above is printed among a croud of people asking me many questions about the machine," wrote Bill Burt to his wife on March 13, one hundred and fourteen years ago.

"Wrote" is a little glib. Burt was pounding the words out slowly, letter by letter, on one of the first typing machines the world has ever seen. He called his contraption the "typographer," and although he had the first one complete by 1829, he didn't show it to his friends until the following March, because he wanted to get some practice on the hand-work. It was much more difficult writing with both hands on the primitive machines of those days than it is now; and these pioneer inventors of the typewriter were up against a real difficulty in that the first typed material was much slower than handwriting.

IF you test your handwriting you should find that a fair average is 40 words a minute. A speed contest held just over a hundred years ago on an early typing machine gave a speed of only 30 words a minute—compared with the 140 that is quite often achieved in present-day typing contests. Burt never managed to write more than five words a minute on his first machine, and, of course, the idea was a commercial failure.

The typewriter was not an American invention, however, even though Burt's Typographer was constructed in a Detroit warehouse. The first patent for a typing device was taken out in 1714 by Henry Mill, an Englishman, in Queen Anne's reign. He called it: "An artificial machine or method for the impressing or transcribing of letters singly or progressively one after another as in writing, whereby all writings whatsoever may be engrossed in paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print."

Unfortunately, he never built the machine, and it is impossible to tell now what sort of contraption he dreamed of. Inventors tried to build a better machine than Burt's, and the best of these improvements was made four years later by a Frenchman, Xavier Progin, of Marseilles, which he called the "Machine Kryptographique." It was really the father of modern typewriters, but it is a very good job that the name didn't stick!

It was a "bar" machine, with the letters on separate hammers, each having its own key. Burt's machine, on the other hand, is what is known in the trade as a "block" typewriter—that is, all the letters of the alphabet are arranged on one single block, and the mechanism brings this block to the correct position on the paper before depressing it. In present-day machines the "block" system is excellent, because all the letters are cast

Did you see the paper that day?

Your mother requests that we give you the up-to-the-minute news that all is well at home—so we have pleasure in doing that.

Also, a few more letters home wouldn't exactly overwork the postman, I gather.

A/B. J. CLOUGH, of H.M. Submarine "Severn,"

writes an extremely interesting letter, in which he tells us how "Good Morning" is going down. Thanks, pal, for the praise, and criticisms—it's good to hear that our efforts are at least considered.

I have spoken to the editor about some suggestions you put forward, and most of them, I think, will be taken up. Regarding the home town stories, I started a month ago to get around to some big cities and tiny villages, for this purpose, so you should be hearing from at least some places you know, in the near future.

So far I have been to Worthing, Clovelly, Dundee and, of course, the little old town where Parliament meets. Anywhere in particular you would like to hear about, by the way?

You're a modest guy, I can see, Mr. Clough—you refer to

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★
QWERTYUIOP
is the top line
of keys on a
Standard Machine

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your very interesting and constructive criticisms as "twitling"—not at all, old boy, not at all—on the contrary.

THANKS also for the name and address of the family—I am going to Manchester soon, so if I am able to get over to Cheadle I will get you the buzz—if I don't manage to do it myself I will pass on the address to our correspondent there.

Well, I think that just about deals with the major points of your letter, Mr. Clough, so I'll open the next envelope. Write again soon—and get your shipmates to do likewise.

Glad you like the photographs, A.B. Jackson. I thought they were pretty good, too. I have checked on the pint size promise, and find it to be good, so, go home soon, sailor.

Have just noticed that you are residing at H.M.S. "Cyclops"—haven't got around there yet, though I did pass in the ferry one day. I must try to get an invitation one day. Maybe we'll meet then.

Ron Richards

Donald Quare tells you what it's all about

on a small cylinder of light alloy—but in the old days it was a heavy, clumsy method. Then some very comic machines were made. Dr. Francis, of New York, thought it would be an improvement to have the machine as much

"e," used so often in the English language, are right in the centre of the group—but it is still such a difficult keyboard to remember that amateurs can type only with one finger, plugging slowly at it letter by letter, as may-

New York March, 13, 1830

Dear Companion,

I have but just got my second machine into operation and this is the first specimen I send you except a few lines I printed to regulate the machine, I am in good health but am in fear these lines will not find you so and the children from the malencholey account your letter gave me of sickness and deaths in our neighbourhood, I had rested contented to what I should if it had been summer season about the health of my family, as it is jenerally healthy during the winter months; but

their has ben an unusual quantity of sickness here this winter, and it has ben very cold in Urope as well as in America, a strong indication of the change of season that I have so often mentioned.— Mr Sheldon arrived here four days ago he went

World's First Typewritten Letter

like a piano—as possible, for it would look more pleasing in the home! Francis's machine even had keys like a piano.

Best of all these early contraptions was the "writing ball," invented in 1865 by Pastor Hansen, of Copenhagen. I have seen some of these old machines in use in offices in Germany before the war. It looks like a huge pin-cushion of brass, studded with keys.

The typist caresses the "writing ball" and presses the keys inwards and down.

It is doubtful now if the machine would be successful, as it would necessitate girls having to learn an entirely new sequence of keys; furthermore, the inside mechanism of the "writing ball" gave a very heavy touch.

But the position of the hands around the ball was natural, and if it could have had electric action it would have been a much speedier writer than the present type of machine with the letters spread out along four rows of keys.

Most of these early machines were just experiments. Few were built for sale. But in 1874 Christopher Latham Sholes built a machine strangely similar to modern typewriters, and though seventy years have passed, many of these machines are still workable. They print capital letters only, and there is an enormous handle at the side, like a coffee-grinder, to move the platen.

Strangest of all is the keyboard, which is arranged:

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L M
& Z C X V B N ? ;

If you examine a modern four-bank machine you will see that only the positions of the letters M, C and X and the "&" sign are different—and the amazing thing is that this keyboard, which has become the standard for millions of machines, was derived by accident!

Sholes found that in his old machine the type bars tended to jamb, so he put letters which frequently came together in words on type-bars spaced as far apart as possible.

This automatically meant that the letters "t," "h" and

be you do yourself—and as I do!

But you'd better learn to type, because after the war the new mechanised age will make handwriting completely out of date. You need be in no hurry to learn the standard keyboard, however, for it is more than probable some of our in-

O soul, be patient; thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this;
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.
Robert Bridges.

You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.
William Jennings Bryan.

True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?
Burns.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.
Lord Byron.

ventive geniuses will bring out a speedier machine, on which short words like "is," "the," "and" and "it" are printed at one touch on a single key.

But the man who makes such a machine had better look up the old patents. Dr. Bennington invented a machine that had complete words on single keys—an extra row of keys at the top of the machine—and he was typing letters on it one hundred and three years ago!

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

OFF TO ZANZIBAR!

DR. Fergusson had a servant; he answered to the name of Joe; he was devotedly faithful to his master, anticipated his orders, and executed them intelligently; a Caleb who did not grumble, and was always good-tempered. Fergusson left all the details of every-day existence to him, and he never repented. Joe received all Fergusson's decisions with respect and confidence. When the doctor had spoken there was nothing more to be said. All he thought was right, all he did sensible; all he commanded manageable; all he undertook possible; all he achieved admirable.

Poor Old Joe

You might have cut Joe in pieces without changing his opinion about his master; therefore, when the doctor conceived the project of crossing Africa in the air, it was already done for Joe; no obstacles any longer existed. With Joe's confidence in the doctor it is not astonishing that incessant discussions arose between Kennedy and the worthy man-servant, and who kept all deference notwithstanding. The one doubted, the other believed, one was clear-sighted prudence, the other blind confidence. "Well, Mr. Kennedy?" said Joe. "Well, my man?" "The time's getting on. It seems we are going to embark for the moon."

WANGLING WORDS—374

- 1. Put a shower in STER and get a sieve.
- 2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Ate grimmon I puc a het fo kile ni cine.
- 3. Mix SAKE, add Y, and get a comedian.
- 4. Find the two hidden animals in: Eat the fish or sell them; they came long ago.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 373

- 1. BARON.
- 2. Every cloud has a silver lining.
- 3. DRAG-OO-N.
- 4. K-it-ten, P-up.

JANE



seen the balloon in Mitchell's workshop in the Borough?" "No; I'll take care I don't go to see it." "You lose a fine sight, sir. It's very pretty—such a pretty shape, and the car is charming! We shall be downright comfortable in it." "Then you really mean to go with your master?" "Of course," said Joe, seriously. "I will go where he likes. How could I let him go by himself, when we've been all about the world together? Who would see to him when he was tired?"

a marvellous country for a sportsman like you. Anyhow, you are sure not to regret your journey." "No, certainly I shall not regret it, especially if I make an obstinate fellow surrender to evidence." "Did you know," said Joe, "that we are all going to be weighed to-day?" "What! like jockeys?" "Yes, only you won't have to train; you can go as you are." "I certainly won't be weighed," said the Scotchman, firmly. "But, sir, it seems it is necessary for the machine."



"H'M! AS I SUSPECTED — SMOKER'S THROAT"

Who would lend him a hand to jump a precipice? Who would take care of him if he fell ill? No, Mr. Dick, Joe will never desert his post near the doctor. "Brave fellow!" "Besides, you are coming with us," said Joe. "Of course; that is to say, I'm going with you to prevent Samuel committing such a folly at the last minute. I shall go with him as far as Zanzibar, so that a friend's hand may stop his insane project."

Stop at Nothing

"You will stop nothing at all, Mr. Kennedy, excuse me for saying so. My master knows what he is about; he thinks a good while before he undertakes anything, but when he has, nobody could change him." "Well, we shall see." "Don't flatter yourself with that hope. The most important thing is that you should come. Africa is

"Well, his machine must do without it." "It can't; the calculation, it seems must be exact. Why, suppose we can't ascend?" "That's all I ask for." "Come, Mr. Kennedy, the master's coming for you directly." "I won't go." "You would not give him that pain?" "I will." "You speak like that because he is not here; but when he asks you, you will go." "I won't!" At this moment the doctor entered his study, where this conversation was held; he looked at Kennedy, who did not feel very comfortable. "Dick," said the doctor, "come with Joe; I want to see what you both weigh." "But—" "Here's your hat. Come." And Kennedy went. They all

three repaired to Messrs. Mitchell's workshops, where a weighing machine had been prepared. The doctor was obliged to know his companion's weight, in order to establish the balance of his balloon. He made Dick get on the scales; he did not resist, but contented himself with muttering, "That's all very well, but it does not engage me to anything." "A hundred and fifty-three pounds," said the doctor, putting it down in his note-book. "Am I too heavy?" "No, Mr. Kennedy," replied Joe; "besides, I am light, that will compensate." Saying which, Joe leaped into the scales, and almost overturned them as he did so, took the pose of the Achilles at the entrance to Hyde Park, and was magnificent even without the shield.

"A hundred and twenty pounds," wrote the doctor. "My turn now," said Fergusson, and he wrote down a hundred and thirty-five pounds on his own account. "We do not weigh more than four hundred pounds altogether," said he. "I can get myself down twenty pounds if it is necessary to your expedition," said Joe. "That would be useless," said the doctor; "eat as much as you like."

First of all, and in order that the balloon might not be too large, he resolved to inflate it with hydrogen gas, which is fourteen and a-half times lighter than air. The production of this gas is easy, and it is the one that has given the best results in aerostation.

The doctor, after very exact calculations, found that with the objects indispensable for his journey and his apparatus, he should have to take a weight of 4,000 pounds; he had then to calculate the force necessary to raise that weight and what silk it must have.

A weight of 4,000 lbs. is represented by a displacement of air of 44,847 cubic feet, which means that 44,847 cubic feet of air weighs about 4,000 lbs. By giving to the balloon this bulk of 44,847 cubic feet, and by filling it, instead of air, with hydrogen gas, which is 14½ times lighter, and therefore only weighs 276 lbs., there remains a difference of 3,784 lbs. It is this difference between the weight of the confined gas and the weight of the surrounding air which constitutes the ascending force of the balloon.

Balloons, therefore, are only two-thirds filled generally. But the doctor, in consequence of a plan only known to himself, resolved to only half-fill his balloon, and, since he was obliged to carry with him 44,847 cubic feet of hydrogen, to make the capacity of his balloon nearly double. He had it made in elongated

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON By Jules Verne Part III

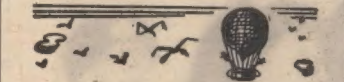
form which is always considered preferable; its horizontal diameter was 50 feet, and its vertical diameter 75 feet. If Dr. Fergusson could have employed two balloons his chances of success would have increased; in case one should burst in the air, it would be possible to keep up by means of the other by throwing out ballast.

After long reflection, Fergusson, by an ingenious invention, united the advantages of two balloons without having their inconveniences; he had two constructed of unequal size, and put one in the other.

Both balloons were made of twilled Lyons taffetas, coated with gutta-percha, which substances is not only waterproof, but it cannot be burst by either acids or gas.

The taffetas was double at the top, where almost all the effort is made. This envelope could retain the fluid for an unlimited time. The net destined to support the car was made of very solid hempen cord; the two air-valves were made the object of as minute care as the helm of a ship.

The car had a circular form, and was 15 feet in diameter; it was made of wicker work, coated with a light iron armour; it had springs underneath to soften the shocks. Its weight, and that of the net, was not more than 280 lbs.



The doctor had four sheet-iron cases made; they were joined together by pipes, with taps in them. The cases were made to fit into the car, so as to take up the least possible space; the serpentine, which was not to be set up till later on, was packed up separately along with a large electric voltaic pile. This apparatus had been so ingeniously combined that it only weighed 700 lbs., including 25 gallons of water contained in a special case.

The instruments destined for the journey consisted of two barometers, two thermometers, two mariner's compasses, one sextant, two chronometers, an

QUIZ for today

- 1. Dern means bother, mend, secret, spill, dusky, sour?
- 2. How many Books in the Bible can you name beginning with H?
- 3. What is the county town of Anglesey?
- 4. What is the common name for the game of "Tric-Trac"?
- 5. For what boys' names are the following "short"? Hal, Nol, Wat, Bob, Jim.
- 6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Quartate, Quartile, Quartine, Quartzose, Quarto, Quartan, Quartern.

Answers to Quiz in No. 434

- 1. Bird.
- 2. Margaret, Dorothy, Margaret, Mary, Valerie.
- 3. Magnanerie.
- 4. Quag is a bog; quahog is a shell-fish (clam).
- 5. (a) Sinks, (b) sinks.
- 6. Pyrate.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

It's not keen eyesight which enables bats to avoid tree branches and other obstacles when in flight, according to Dr. Robert Galembos, of the University of Rochester Medical School. When flying, bats emit a constant stream of high-pitched "super-zonic." The cries are too shrill for human ears to detect. When a bat approaches obstacles the sound is reflected back. The bat hears the echo and changes its course.

artificial horizon, and an altimeter to reconnoitre distant and inaccessible objects.

He took with him three well-proved iron anchors and a silk rope-ladder, light, yet strong, about fifty feet long. He also calculated the exact weight of his provisions; they consisted of tea, coffee, biscuits, salt meat, and pemmican, a preparation of curries, making nutritive elements in little volume.

The doctor did not forget a tent to cover a part of the car, nor the rugs that were to serve for beds, nor the sportsman's guns and his provision of powder and bullets.

He only took 200 lbs. of ballast "in case of any unforeseen event," he said, but he did not count upon wanting it, thanks to his apparatus. (To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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14				15			16		
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31	32					33			
34				35	36				37
38								39	
40					41				

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Map.
- 6 Untie.
- 11 Healing wash.
- 13 Head.
- 14 Battering.
- 15 Treacherous.
- 17 Dandy.
- 19 Uplift.
- 20 Fold up.
- 22 Branches of work.
- 25 Firmly fixed.
- 27 Corded fabric.
- 29 Planet.
- 30 Old bird.
- 31 Weight.
- 33 Berry.
- 34 Outfit.
- 35 Living.
- 38 Voter.
- 39 Doubled.
- 40 Married.
- 41 Firm.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rock face.
- 2 High reputation.
- 3 By.
- 4 Equip.
- 5 Journey.
- 7 Musical show.
- 8 Lout.
- 9 Ill-developed.
- 10 Fish.
- 12 Relations.
- 16 Fat.
- 18 Helped on.
- 21 Lend.
- 23 Refractory.
- 24 Talked.
- 26 Acts towards.
- 28 Awry.
- 30 Female animal.
- 32 Facing slab.
- 33 Payment for use.
- 36 By no means.
- 37 Scottish river.

SHARKS JET LONE HOURS TIRE VERDANT TAME WAY TA COGNET I I TENON ORGAN H E DARING OH HUM PORT RETIRED BEE PROVEN ILEX BYE DETEST

BEELZEBUB JONES



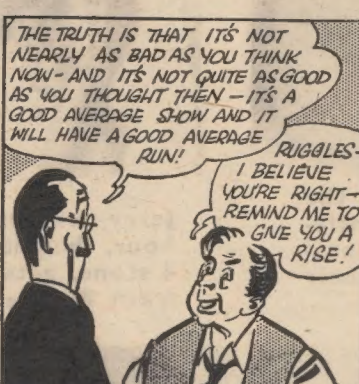
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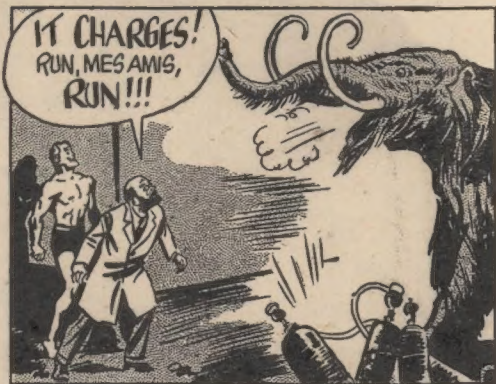
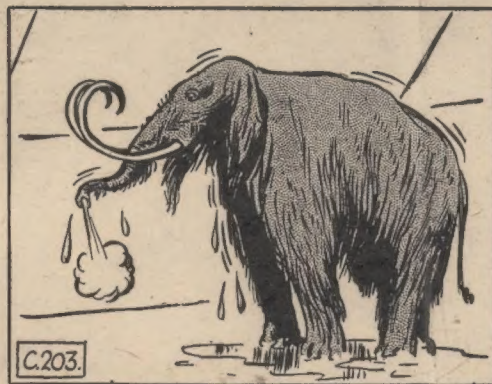
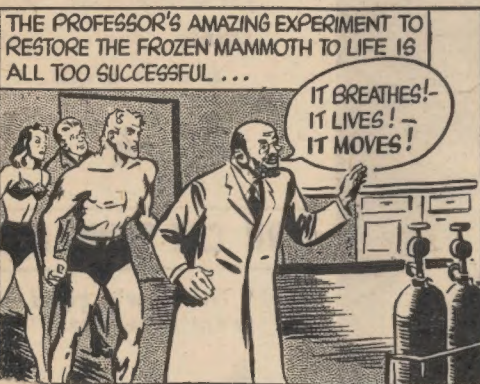
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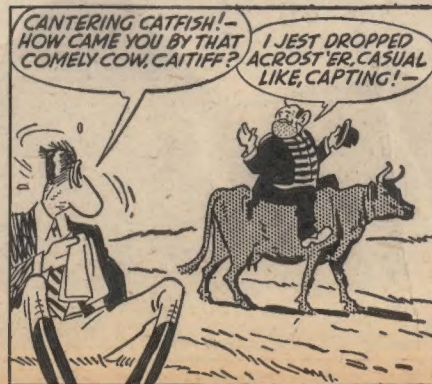
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

EDUCATION.
TENS of thousands of secondary school boys and girls are forced to spend most of their evenings and week-ends indoors at home swotting masses of ill-digested knowledge, not one per cent, of which will ever help one per cent. of them in any single problem of his or her grown-up existence. Merely for the sake of a few annual "examination credits" in each school, hordes of slave children have scarcely any play, but have to toil till they go to bed hysterical with frustration and fatigue. The purpose of education is to produce a sound mind in a sound body . . . not to try to ruin both.
David Charles, F.R.P.S.

GOSSIP.
GOSSIP is just as prevalent in towns as in villages. If people could be brought to realise its potential danger they would do their best not only to refrain from gossip, but also to discourage others. It grows like a snowball. A person hears something and passes it on, and as the process is repeated so the original item of information is embroidered and grows to a point where its author would no longer recognise it. Gossip could easily become one of the most dangerous of secret weapons.
Rev. A. Stretton.

ARE YOU SHY?
EVEN in love, many Englishmen never lose their reserve, and can never bring themselves to say explicitly, "Darling, I love you." A common form of proposal is "You know, I'm awfully fond of you, and we seem to get on pretty well. What about getting married?" Fortunately, the intimacy of marriage usually breaks down such inhibitions, but in more superficial relationships they are often a great hindrance. We say that still waters run deep, but sometimes they are merely stagnant.
Bertrand Russell.

A HARMONIOUS WORLD.
SINCE the Roman Empire there have been only two large-scale and successful political experiments, both of them the work of our race. These are the British Commonwealth of Nations and the Federal Constitution of the United States. . . . The latter is a convincing proof that citizens of all the white races can live together harmoniously as one nation. It is a triumph of common sense over age-long evil traditions, giving real hope for the future of civilisation. If the nations are to live at peace with each other, if we are to respect one another's right to freedom, justice and humanity, there can be no better guarantee than the co-operation of all the English-speaking nations who believe in these things.
The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D.

PERFUMES.
IT always strikes me as strange that man's sense of smell has been so little regarded by the arts. There is oratory and music and poetry for his hearing, painting and sculpture for his sight, miracles in food and wine for his taste, but little or nothing for his sense of smell. . . . The scents from the fields and hedges vary with the changing seasons. These are the real fragrance of the countryside. . . . Your boys and ours have smelt the bitter breath of the sea in the Channel, and the stink of all evil under the sun. They must long for the sights and sounds and smells of home.
Ralph Wightman.



Good Morning



The Cat and the Canary—or one way of having your moustachios twirled.



"It's astonishing, isn't it? I mean the vicissitudes of Nature. To my left, gentlemen, you have one example of the adaptation of quadrupeds to the needs of their metabolism."



Jerry the giraffe, aged one hour, height 5ft., weight 4 stone, gets his first kiss from Minnie his Mamma.



Here's Paramount's sweater girl, Marjorie Reynolds. We think she's got a nice profile.



THIS SCOTLAND. Glen Lyon in Perthshire, longest and grandest of the Highland Glens, in which the clachan of Innerwick nestles beneath the rugged mass of Creag nan Eildeag.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"The view's good from here, too!"

